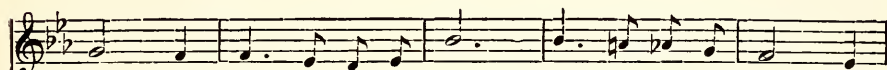


Thanksgiving Song.



1. Swing the shin-ing sick - le, Cut the ripened grain, Flash it in the
2. Pick the ros - y ap - ples, Pack a - way with care, Gath - er in the
3. Loud - ly blows the north wind Thro' the shiv'ring trees, Bare are all the



sun - light, Swing it once a - gain. Tie the gold-en grain - heads
 corn - ears, Gleam-ing ev - 'ry - where. Now the fruits are gath - ered,
 branch - es, Fall - en all the leaves. Gath - ered is the har - vest



In - to shining sheaves, Beautiful their col-ors As the au-tumn leaves.
 All the grains are in, Nuts are in the at - tic, Corn is in the bin.
 For an - oth - er year, Now our day of gladness, Thanksgiving day is here.



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